

Affliction, Part 4

by Salamander

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Summary: Kylee's secret is somewhat revealed, and Peter has to tell her mother about it.

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Disclaimer: Nothing but Kylee and her family are mine.

>
Notes: First, I'd like to apologize for snapping at someone through the notes for the previous part of the story. I was going through a lot. A lump was found in my throat around that time. It really scared me. After several tests, we found out that it actually wasn't a tumor (thank, God!) and I should be fine.

>
Also, I'm sorry that this part is so small. I'm currently working on part 5, so hang tight.

>

>
Peter rubbed his temples gently. "How did this happen? How did I let this happen?"

>
Sighing, he picked up the phone and dialed a number. The phone rang several times until an overly bubbly female voice answered.

"Hello. MCX Corporation, programming department. How can I help you?"

>
"I need to speak to Lucy Reese, please."

>
"May I ask who's calling?"

>
"Peter Scarbrow. I'm -- "

>
"Oh! I'll put you right through!"

>
Peter frowned about the way the receptionist had acted, realizing that Lucy had been expecting some sort of call from him. After several long moments, Lucy was on the phone. "What did she do?"

>
Peter grimaced. "Well, it's somewhat hard for me to explain. --"

>
"Is anyone hurt? Any damage done to the school? Don't worry; I'll pay for any expenses."

>
Peter shook his head, still not entirely sure how any of it had happened or how he was going to explain it to Kylee's mother. "No one's hurt. No damage done to the school. This is about Kylee's haircut."

>
"Oh." Lucy sighed. "She's refusing to have one?"

>
"No, she had one. But . . . while she may be pleased with the results, I'm not. And I highly doubt you will be, too."

>
Lucy was silent. She should've known Kylee would have something up her sleeve. "Oh boy. What did she do now?"

>
"She talked her way into having her head shaved." Peter waited, wanting to see how her mother would take that.

>
"Oh! That's no problem. Makes it easier for her to take care of her hair, I suppose. Was that all that was bothering you?" She was hoping it was.

>
Peter wished it was. But at least she took that information in stride. "Did you know that Kylee has a tattoo?"

>
" . . . What?!"

>
So much for taking things in stride. Peter nodded, totally understanding Lucy's indignation. "I guess we weren't the only ones who didn't, then. She has a somewhat indecent tattoo on the back of her head."

>
"Indecent?" Lucy sighed and opened the top drawer of her desk. She pulled out a large bottle of antacids, opened it, and popped one into her mouth. "How exactly is the tattoo indecent?"

>
"Well," Peter started, hoping Lucy would be okay with the information he was about to give to her, "Kylee has the . . . "

>
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>
Katherine shook her head in disbelief. "Why would you want to do that?"

>
Ky shrugged. "Why not? Just showing mom that no matter how far she sends me, she's still gotta pay."

>
"Pay for what?" Shelby was sitting behind Kylee on the other girl's bed, outlining the tattoo with a finger.

>
"Pay for having me, mostly. And for being the person she is. She expects to change me by sending me here when she's the one who needs the most changing. She's psycho." She turned behind her to look at Shelby for a second. "Like it, Old English?"

>
Shelby raised an eyebrow about Kylee's claim about her mother being "psycho." Made her wonder about Ky's family. Instead of asking her about anything regarding that topic, Shelby decided to keep the subject on the tattoo. "Did it hurt?"

>
"Of course it hurt. They stick a needle in you for hours." Daisy wryly grinned playfully at Shelby; she returned the grin.

>
"Actually," Kylee smirked, "I didn't feel a thing."

>
Katherine rolled her eyes and sat down on Ky's bed. "You don't mean to tell us that you're SO strong that you didn't feel it?"

>
Ky chuckled. "Nope! Just saying I was drunk out of my head. Heh. I didn't even know I had a tattoo until days later, when a friend told me that the people I had been with were bragging about doing it."

>
Daisy raised an eyebrow. "Nice friends."

>
Ky shrugged. "Not really my friends. Anyway, I'm no longer angry at them, obviously. It came in handy."

>
"But . . ." Juliette was trying to figure something out. "How'd you get the tattoo with all your hair?"

>
"I don't know if you guys used to do this where you grew up, but when the summer hits, it gets hotter. So the girls would almost shave their heads up to a certain point so that they'd be cooler."

>
"Shave their heads?" It was obvious that Juliette never had it done.

>
Kylee frowned. "Not really. The hair was just cut very, very short. Although, I do know two girls that did get it shaved. . . . But it wasn't done very far up, which is why the tattoo's not very high on my head."

>
~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

>
Hours later, Lucy and Hank were busily packing clothes. She had decided that she was going to see her daughter's tattoo.

>
A door was heard slamming. Several moments later, soft thuds raced up the stairs.

>
"Patric!" Lucy frowned and called to her youngest child.

>
The small pre-teen made it to the door, a questioningly look marring his angelic face. "Yes?"

>
She sighed. "Go pack, honey." She hadn't wanted to take him, but she hadn't been able to find someone to look after him. "Make sure you have some warm clothes. We'll be gone for several days."

>
"Where are we going?" Patric didn't want to let it show, but he was excited. He may have been what people considered to be a prodigy, but, God, he hated school!

>
Hank looked up from his suitcase. "We're going to visit Kylee."

>
Patric's face glowed. "Kylee?!" He nearly jumped into the air with excitement. But then he realized something . . . "Why?" He seemed to have sobered up considerably.

>
Lucy stopped what she had been doing and looked up, pursing her lips. "It appears that she's done something she shouldn't have."

>
"She's not hurt, is she?"

>
"If it were only that simple. . . ." Lucy went back to packing.

>
Patric's jaw went rigid for a moment, angered by his mother's words against Kylee. He softened it, though, realizing that the look could get him in trouble. "How many days are we going to be there?"

>
"Up to 5, possibly."

>
Patric nodded and left, planning the things to pack for Kylee instead of for himself.

>
~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

>
Peter leaned back into his chair and studied Kylee, who of course studied him back. He shook his head. "Why?"

>
She shrugged. "It wasn't my idea to get the tattoo. I didn't even know I got it."

>
Peter thought about her answer for a moment. "How long was it until you were told about it?"

>
Kylee nodded and smiled. "Smart man. It was over a week."

>
Peter nodded. He had come to realize that Kylee never lied. What she did do sometimes was word things funny. If you weren't fast enough, you wouldn't catch something. She had simply stated that she had not been aware of getting the tattoo, nor had she known about getting it. That is, until about a week after she had gotten it.

>
Peter frowned at her. "Your parents are coming. They insisted on seeing the tattoo."

>
Ky nodded. "Makes sense. And they aren't my parents. I mean, Lucy is my mother, if you want to call her that. But I'd prefer if you were to call Hank my step-father."

>
He nodded. "Alright." He knew how touchie family relationships could be and tried as best as he could to sympathize with his

students.

>
"When are they getting here?"

>
"Tomorrow."

>
"Tomorrow?" Kylee sat back a bit. "Gee. Don't give me much time to get settled in, do they? And I do start classes tomorrow, too. Wow. I really don't know how I'm going to concentrate on my work. . . ."

>
Peter frowned. "Something tells me you'll do just fine."

>
Ky smiled. "You know it. How long are they going to stay? A day?"

>
He shook his head. "No. Longer. They want to check the school out better."

>
"Probably want to make sure the staff is competent. I don't mean to make you angry with that comment; it's just a mother thing. My mother thing."

>
"I think I'd understand if she came here just to check our competence."

>
Kylee frowned a bit. "Don't let this tattoo thing get to you. It wasn't meant to be anything personally against you. I would have done it to anyone. By the way, that's the closest thing to an apology as you'll get from me."

>
Peter nodded. "I figured as such."

>
"You going to make me cover the tattoo?"

>
"I thought about it. I won't make you cover up the tattoo."

>
Kylee raised an eyebrow. Was Peter keeping his reasonings secret? It appeared like he was going to. She smirked. Good for him.

> <p><p>

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file.